The

COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature the Arts and Public Affairs

FOUNDED BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

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The Archbishop of All the People

NEWS from Rome that the Holy See has just named two colored native priests as bishops for Uganda and Madagascar indicates a continuance of the Church's policy with regard to the missions—the establishment of native churches as distinguished from churches the clergy of which comes from Europe or America. It is of particular significance to us in America, for the Negro here constitutes the largest racial minority in our country, and a minority against which many sins of injustice have been committed in the past. The *Chicago Defender*, one of the most powerful of the Negro papers, recently paid a moving tribute to Pope Pius XII: "While visiting in America in 1937 he learned of the discrimination practiced against members of the Race in many of the Catholic schools and universities; he registered, in no uncertain terms, his disapproval of such a practice. He felt, as all good Roman Catholics should and do feel, that a policy of racial segregation is wholly at variance with the canons of social justice." The neglect of the colored American by Catholics was also underlined a few days ago by the new Archbishop of New York, who deliberately administered Confirmation first to two Negro congregations, and clearly took his stand upon the issue: "By coming first to the colored people for Confirmations, I want to affirm my devotion to the cause of catholicity. I want to affirm that I am the Archbishop of all the people—and that I will do all that I can to foster Jesus Christ among you." The *Defender* went on to say that the Church "doubtless would have rallied under its spiritual wings a much larger number of black converts than it now has in America, were its leadership free from that brand of apathy which galvanizes racial prejudice. It is the belief and hope of many that His Holiness, Pope Pius XII will raise his voice with a greater emphasis and consistency than ever before against the inequalities and iniquities which have impeded the march of Christianity." Whether the criticism made by the *Defender* is just or not, it at least reflects a widely held opinion among American colored people. Such actions as Archbishop Spellman's will do much to change it.

The Church and The Negro

Idle Hands in Government

ATTORNEY GENERAL MURPHY recently stated that instead of the 4,000,000 employees on the public payrolls there should be less than 3,000,000, and instead of a payroll of $6,000,000,000 something under $5,000,000,000 should suffice. An immediate reduction either in the number of public servants or in their aggregate compensation is most unlikely. If, however, Mr. Murphy's ideal conception of improved conditions could be suddenly realized what would result? Would the savings in taxes resulting from diminished payrolls be absorbed by new appropriations for WPA and similar activities? Would the sudden drying up of the existing consumer power of the useless million public employees provide a new impetus to depression? Would the attainment of a perfectly rationalized social order from which all waste, crime and inefficiency were absent produce the good life, or catastrophe in the economic sense? It is impossible to say. No such event ever occurred in the history of man. Consequently no precedent enables the curious to give valid specifications respecting the outcome of such conditions. Mr. Murphy's speech was not calculated to disturb the anonymous million whom he would cheerfully cashier. The day he begins to describe exactly the jobs which he would eliminate will be the day when comfortable armchair reactions to his remarks on public servants will be superseded by manifestations of a more active and practical interest. We hope to hear from him further on this subject.

Suggestion for Economy

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Profit-sharing Recommended

MOST AMERICANS agree that for the good of society and the good of the land it is best to have farmers own the property they work and operate. There is no such agreement about industrial property; we are too used to having propertyless "hands" do the work for "business," and a whole new set of arguments and emotions come into play when we discuss that. The recent staff report to the Senate Finance Committee insists the problem is not closed. It recommends profit-sharing and "incentive taxation" to advance it, with very persuasive arguments indeed. Of course there are dangers in profit-sharing, but they are less than in the straight wage contract. The report says: "So long as wages are the only link connecting the two interests of employer and employee, just so long will the conflict continue." With reasonable exegesis, this statement could be upheld in searching debate. Senator Vandenberg warns it "will not succeed if undertaken by the employer as a sudden, strategic alternative to unionism, or to legitimate collective bargaining." That is evident too, and a point well made by the leading conservative proponent of the plan. The great and creative Pope Pius XI had this to say on the subject in 1931: "In the present state of human society, however, we deem it advisable that the wage-contract should, when possible, be modified somewhat by a contract of partnership, as is already being tried in various ways to no small gain both of the wage-earners and of the employers. [The Senate report shows 728 American companies have some variety of profit-sharing plan.] In this way wage-earners are made sharers in some sort in the ownership or the management or the profits."

Advisable Advice

Neutrality in Law and Fact

THE NEUTRALITY BILL approved by the House Committee repeals the automatic arms embargo (applied when the President proclaims the existence of a war) and institutes the cash and carry principle for all arms sales. This proposed law would be equally enforced against all nations and is technically neutral, but no one disguises the fact that it would be of immense practical benefit in war activities to the governments of England and France. The realistic question is whether or not this country should back up actively in wartime the reigning governments of the entente power and go on record in their favor now. Either the public is not aroused over the issue, or it is too confused to be articulate, or the papers are underplaying public interest. It was the President who wisely pointed out that Congress might better endure a few more weeks of hot weather and act on the ticklish issues now during relative peace than put them off until a big war is raging. The administration, of course, is supposed to favor the new version of neutrality, and a Senate group of about thirty is said to be determined the law shall not pass. The proposed legislation seems definitely to welcome back war again as a legitimate and necessary instrument of national policy. It also puts this country forward again as the arbiter of international destinies, and also as the judge of the internal régimes of foreign states. Opposition to the tyranny and oppression of Germany, Italy and Japan ought not lead us to that retrograde viewpoint. Those of us who clamor loudly for a rule of law and justice as contrasted to the Nazi variety of a rule of blood, ungoverned instinct and force, should concern ourselves more with developing the rules and status of justice and less with lining up so great a force that the other side is beaten at its own game.

Congress In Air

On Localizing Tientsin Troubles

THE UNITED STATES State Department and Navy have entered, first indirectly and then directly, into the Tientsin row and the general quarrel over foreign rights in China. It is not our problem to preserve other peoples' empires in the Far East. Perfectly true, if foreign rights in China are given up, they ought to be given up to the Chinese and not to a new foreign empire. Will we fight for our eastern privileges or our freedom to dispose of them? The Chinese ambassador to the United States was almost gay about the Tientsin affair, expecting Japan to be made to realize she is fighting everybody in China and not only the natives and the British. He would seem to understand the situation better than the officials in Tokyo. The "broader aspects" of the current oriental affair involve world empires and all international affairs. Russia is in the central, easiest driving position. The contemplated English-Russian pact is automatically generalized to cover the East, England looking to it with greater need. The threat of that forces Germany to offer more and more assurances to Stalin. Russia has all the trumps in playing with either side: a tragic situation, and completely mysterious in its present status and eventual outcome. The Goebbels speeches in Danzig and the new reports of a German trade delegation to Moscow may be shadows of a totalitarian partnership. In more than one way, the United States is in the balancing position to the Soviet Republic's. Let us hope we play our part frankly and openly, not seeking a "favorable" war, but seeking peace; and not fighting to preserve old empires or establish new ones, but working peaceably and not with blind and dogmatic superiority for the good of the peoples in both combinations and never forgetting justice for the immense numbers outside the various nations of domination.

"The Broader Aspects"

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Farewell to 9,000

TALLULAH has flown to Washington, kissed Senator Uncle John for the news photographers, tried to bully Daddy Bill into a statement, and returned for her next performance in "The Little Foxes." The object of all this is to try to undo in the Senate the damage done to the Federal Theatre project in the House on June 16. As here noted last week, the new relief bill specifically provided for the death of this branch of WPA. Article 25 of the bill reads: "None of the funds made available by this title shall be available (a) after June 30, 1939, for the operation of any theatre projects, . . ." This means that, with substantially no notice, 9,000 persons will be dumped, and most of them professionally trained men and women who will have no recourse except direct relief or WPA clerical work. Like everything else in the world, there are two sides to the matter of the arts projects. They have, perhaps, been run a little too generously. They can be accused of having kept unfit people working at arts for which they had no talent; their productions have covered a wide range of tastes, from the most elevated to the most simple. But here are no reasons for chopping off their heads. And the Federal Theatre has an almost unbelievable record of good work to its account. Opposition to this arbitrary death sentence was heard in the House. It came from all sorts of people, often from thoroughly conservative people. The great body of New York's dramatic critics, including Mrs. Wyatt of the *Catholic World,* protested. Congresswoman Norton of New Jersey (a Catholic, incidentally) led the opposition with an amendment to strike out Article 25. Her amendment was defeated by 56 votes to 192, and the death sentence stood. It was obviously a decision determined by misinformation and bad temper. Witness the one speech against the Federal Theatre by Representative Dirksen, a speech rarely equalled in Congress for bias and ignorance. Perhaps Tallulah's Uncle John will do something in the Senate, even read the Life of Robert E. Lee, in a filibuster, as she suggested. But so far Senator Bankhead has refused to commit himself, and it looks as though the heads would inevitably and sadly roll.

Off with Their Heads

Nature as a Press Agent

SCRUTINIZING the story of the boy kidnaped in babyhood and brought up by baboons, one is reluctantly forced to conclude that it did not emanate from Hollywood. Its locale is Africa—a suspicious circumstance, as all movie fans know who have watched Johnny Weissmuller doing airy flipflops above vast sections of the Dark Continent. But it comes to us doubly certified—by a well-known anthropologist of Johannesburg, and again by an equally well-known anthropologist of London University. So we will have to mark it down, with a sigh, as one more instance of life catching up with fiction. We will have to take it as proved that a child can live for years in the jungle, the companion of apes: feeding on crickets, ostrich eggs and wild honey (there is Biblical warrant, we remember, for part of this diet); battling with ostriches and bees for their contributions to the menu, and sometimes getting very much the worst of it; sleeping stark naked, walking on all fours, making none but guttural anthropoid sounds—and then living to tell the tale (when he learned how) after recapture. We must accept all this. But it breaks so patly in the papers just after the release of the latest "Tarzan" film that it is not easy. Nature herself, evidently, has turned press agent for M-G-M.

Producer's Luck

National Organization for Decent Literature

THE WELL-WISHES of all thoughtful Americans of good-will go with the campaign of our bishops in more than 70 dioceses to clean up the corner and drug store news stands. The interest of citizens of every persuasion is indicated by the support of groups like the Detroit Council of Churches (Protestant) and the Council of Social Agencies, the Board of Education, the Y.M.C.A. and other organizations in Los Angeles. Druggists' associations in Wyoming and Louisiana have agreed to cooperate. It is not a simple problem. In the long run it goes back to the home and the family, where parental sympathy, mutual confidence and plenty of lively reading material of the better sort can accomplish far more than censorship by itself. It also goes back to the economic difficulties of our times and the ensuing hours of footless idleness for so many of our young people. It reflects American educational deficiencies too. Solutions of these basic difficulties require time. Meanwhile there is the problem of removing temptation in the form of readily available indecent magazines. The difficulty here is not in banning those publications whose immoral character is obvious, but in the case of adult publications of definite literary and artistic merit which none-the-less do not belong in the hands of children and adolescents. Zeal for for decency can develop into a prudery, a Manicheanism and a Puritanism which are alien to the Catholic tradition. Fortunately the moving picture Legion of Decency is at hand to serve as an admirable model on this difficult point. The N.O.D.L. might also utilize the Legion of Decency device of giving an "unclassified" status to periodicals of controversial social and political views which are questioned by the agency, but do not touch upon the matter of decency.

Drive Gets Under Way

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Catholics and the American Way

An analysis of the prevailing attitude of the Church in American political history.

By Robert C. Pollock

MONTALEMBERT once declared that the future of modern society depends upon a closer collaboration between Catholic and democratic forces. Hardly a day passes which does not bear out in thunderous accent the correctness of his judgment. For a Caesarism fiercer by far than that which cast its shadow over the first Christians is aiming its blows at Christianity and democracy at one and the same time. And to an increasing number of people it is becoming evident not only that our best defense lies in democracy, but also that such defense must have, if it is to succeed, the strongest religious support.

Thus the very march of events is compelling men to acknowledge the connection between religion and democracy. And what a golden opportunity this is for Catholics to acclaim to the world that it was the Church herself who first bound them together. Never have they had a better chance to prove in word and deed that the alliance of religion and democracy is the fitting culmination of a long and painful historical development at the beginning of which stands the Church.

The pure democratic principle, which has increasingly agitated the very conscience of men, was born when Christianity acclaimed human equality as based upon the infinite worth of each and every man. Christians were from the beginning bidden to "honor all men" simply because they are men and because they bear within themselves the indelible image of God. The age of humanity itself was ushered in by Christianity, and that is what Lord Acton, Catholic and democrat, had in mind when he declared that the very distinction between state and society came to birth with the Church.

In teaching the common people their dignity, the Church made them to a far greater degree a real and efficient factor in social history. A new and powerful force began to operate within the world and as never before the people became a factor to be reckoned with. For within their hearts was born an irrepressible desire to affirm their humanity and to destroy every last barrier to that glorious affirmation. Social history, it has been said, can be written around the common man's expanding recognition of his human dignity. This is especially true throughout the Christian era, and in illustration there springs to my mind at once the noble battle-song of the people of Laon in Normandy who in the eleventh century dared to rise, armed only with pitchforks and sticks, against their steel-clad oppressors. "We are men," they sing with grand and solemn simplicity, "we are men even as they are."

Many men of course have recognized that Christianity inspired our social and democratic development in supplying a principle that was missing among the ancient, namely that of a social order embracing all men in their human reality. Our American philosopher George H. Mead, to mention one name, was well aware of the Christian contribution and expressly refers to it when he tells us that "Christianity paved the way for the social progress—political, economic, scientific—of the modern world. . . ."

In teaching men their dignity and making the masses capable of responding deeply to every material and social condition that would advance that dignity and compel its recognition, the Church became the mother of democracy. It is not to be wondered at that western European history has been so turbulent and dynamic, considering how deeply the Church impressed her lesson upon the people. Gradually permeating their understanding as well as their religious feelings and emotions, the Church's teaching concerning human worth became a permanent element of normal everyday consciousness. Yet the history of democracy, especially in modern Europe, is marked by periods of deep hostility towards the Church. The story of this hostility, so full of contradiction and negation, is a complex and distressing one, especially when we recall that very often Catholics played a prominent part in blocking a democratic development which Christianity itself made inevitable. But then, who expects the course of history to be perfectly straight and smooth and without its twists and turns and mysterious windings!

Not so in America

In America the story of democracy is refreshingly different. For on the whole the relations between it and the Church have been marked by ever growing harmony and good feeling. And hostility, while also present on our soil, has come to be associated more and more with the backward and vicious elements of our national life and with its lunatic fringe. No wonder our Bishops

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were moved to refer in 1884 to the establishment of our country's independence and the shaping of its liberties and laws as "a work of special Providence, its framers building wiser than they knew, the Almighty's hand guiding them."

The significance of this harmony between American democracy and the Church can hardly be overstressed. For it is bound to exert a mighty influence upon the whole future course of world society. If Montalembert is right in making the very fate of the world hinge upon the way in which Catholic and democratic forces work together, then we American Catholics have reason to rejoice. Because right here in our own country this collaboration has been going on from the birth of our Republic. And the way has been prepared for an achievement on the part of American Catholics which can have repercussions the world over.

In America, especially after the middle of the nineteenth century, our Church came to be primarily the Church of poor and lowly immigrants. The Catholic body, increasingly augmented by uncouth foreigners and despised workers, was feared and insulted by part of the native population, not only on account of its religious faith, but also because it was associated with the grime and dreariness of proletarian life.

Are we not reminded of the fact that in the ancient world our Lord's name was associated with a similar body of people—the poor, the unlettered and downtrodden, the very ones most despised in pagan society? For it was chiefly to such people that the Gospel was preached. And we are told that, "The common people heard Him gladly." "With us," says Athenagoras, "you may find unlearned men, mechanics, and women. . . ."

Let us rejoice that the Church in America was also identified in the popular mind with such people. At the beginning of the Christian era such identification marked the victory of the common life and the commencement of a new age. Recall how pagans like Celsus were perplexed at the power and confidence of these despised masses invincibly bound together in the worship of a Jewish carpenter who had led a wandering and inglorious life and had died an ignominious death. Irrepressibly these "wool carders, cobblers and fullers," "a miscellaneous collection of ignorant people," could repeat with Saint Paul that "the foolish things of the world hath God chosen, that he may confound the wise; and the weak things of the world hath God chosen, that he may confound the strong. And the base things of the world, and the things that are contemptible, hath God chosen, and things that are not, that he might bring to nought things that are."

Never was the Church so free as she was in America to address herself directly, immediately and openly to the toiling, sweating masses, to those whom the Pastoral Letter of 1884 calls "our workingmen, the bone and sinew of the people and the specially beloved children of the Church." What a deeply moving story! Right here in the United States, democracy was paying its debt to the Church from whom the common people first learned the infinite value that God Himself has placed on each and every individual.

The quality of the immigrants

Now let us reckon to the full the advantage of the Church's extraordinary position by celebrating the high quality of the immigrant people among whom she found herself. They were a courageous and spirited people who were consumed by a burning desire to build a new life on a foundation at once Catholic and democratic. De Tocqueville bore witness to this when he wrote that "the Catholics of the United States are at the same time the most faithful believers and the most zealous citizens." Like their non-Catholic fellows who were settling this country, and despite great differences among themselves in national, racial and cultural backgrounds, "they were humanly one in the demand for freedom with equal right and opportunity," to quote the Pastoral Letter of 1919.

It would be difficult to do full justice to the uniqueness of our Church's position in America. There is no other instance in history where millions of people of diverse races and nationalities built up with such meagre resources a flourishing, firmly-constructed Church. To quote from Shaugnessy's work, "Has the Immigrant Lost the Faith?": "Here the children's pennies, the widow's mite, the laborer's contribution of money and time and brawn have dotted the land with cathedral and church and school, college and university, hospital and asylum and refuge. . . . Here under the aegis of democracy four Cardinal princes of the Church attest alike in their humble origin and their present dignity the democracy of Christ's holy Church. . . ."

Nothing can show more plainly than these words the democratic character of American Catholic growth. His words are also a ringing affirmation of the truth that far from being fatal to the Church, as some have supposed, American democracy has enabled her to accomplish one of the truly magnificent feats of history. No wonder Cardinal Gibbons exclaimed in his famous address delivered at Rome in 1887 that if the Church has often had to struggle for her very existence against despotism, "in the genial atmosphere of liberty she blossoms like a rose."

A wonderful thing was happening in America, and a prediction was being fulfilled. For in this country was taking place what Cardinal Manning foresaw years ago when he maintained that modern democracy would ultimately effect a reconciliation between Church and society in place of the

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separation brought about by the bourgeoisie between Church and state.

If Manning perceived this truth, so did Gibbons. For when he was moved to describe to European Catholics the priceless heritage of democracy which he as an American possessed, it was because he knew full well that the American Way promised an ever more direct and intimate union between the Church and the body social. Once quoting Manning, he exclaimed, with far greater justification, in my opinion, "A new task is before us. The Church has no longer to deal with parliaments and princes, but with the masses and with the people. Whether we will or no this is our work; we need a new spirit and a new law of life."

He had witnessed through many years the amazing vitality of the American Church in expanding to care for the vast throng of immigrants. But what particularly impressed upon him the excellence of the American Way was the fact that in America the Church was able more than anywhere else to hold the affection of the working class. Thus in his memorable letter to Rome in behalf of the Knights of Labor he writes of the "close union between the Church and her children which exists in our country." American Catholic workers, he informs Rome, are not estranged from their mother the Church. On the contrary, they are well-instructed and devoted Catholics.

Written in 1883, these words are freighted with even greater significance today than they were then. For in our present-day world, what may have escaped the attention of many in 1883 is now manifest to all. But I have this to say of Catholics who lament the Church's tragic loss of the great bulk of Europe's working class. Many of them, unlike Gibbons, are not sufficiently aware of the more hopeful situation in the United States. Even more than in Gibbons's day, Catholic workers here are playing an active part in the labor movement without weakening in loyalty to the Church.

May we always honor the memory of those American Catholics who had the good sense to recognize the great contribution of our democracy to Catholic life. With Archbishop Hughes they knew that "in the annals of Church history, there has never been a country which in its civil and social relations, has exhibited so fair an opportunity for developing the practical harmonies of Catholic Faith and of Catholic Charity, as in the United States." And with Orestes A. Brownson they were well aware that "the Church has here a fairer field for the exercise of her social and civilizing influence than she has ever hitherto found."

Our debt to the American past

Our debt to these men who did so much to mold Catholic tradition in America is great. How clearly they saw that in this country the Church was liberated from the bonds of a tradition that had become congealed on the side of sterile aristocracy and callous toryism. How thankful they were, too, that in America the Church was free from a fixed social and political order she was well-nigh powerless to modify, and was no longer handicapped by tragic historical memories which had made the work of reconciliation between Catholics of the old régime and democracy so difficult.

As Archbishop Ireland once wrote, "No tyrant here casts chains around her. No concordat limits her action or cramps her energies." Like Gibbons, this great Catholic and champion of democracy was fully appreciative of the vast benefits conferred upon the Church by our free institutions. His prophetic book, "The Church and Modern Society," makes this abundantly clear. "The strength of the Church today in all countries, particularly in America," he exclaims, "is the people. Ours is essentially the age of democracy. The days of princes and of feudal lords are gone. Woe to religion where this fact is not understood."

We Catholics have reason to be thankful for American democracy. For it has given the Church freedom to forge strong and powerful links between herself and the people. Here in America, because of the Church's position among the people, social Catholicism can become a tremendous force for social restoration.

How advantageous our position is can be gauged by considering the situation in Europe. We know that social Catholicism accomplished, relatively speaking, a great deal in European countries. Nevertheless it was never able to exert sufficient influence on the broad masses. There were indeed Catholics who took to heart the appeal of Leo XIII that "we must go to the people," clearly recognizing that the revitalization of society must come from below. But, unfortunately, too many workers had already been estranged and the unhappy relations existing between Catholic bourbons and democracy made the task still more difficult.

Let us rejoice that in America, by what seems a special Providence, the situation is highly favorable for real and effective social Catholicism. The Catholic masses are devoted to the Church and we have no bourbon heritage to contend with. Actually if we are sufficiently alert to our opportunity, social Catholicism can become a major force influencing not just American life but the life of the entire world. Let us recall that in their Pastoral Letter of 1919 our Bishops stress the importance of America for the world's restoration because of "the broader range of opportunity which now is given the Church in our country." May we Catholics fulfill the promise of the wonderful situation which American democracy has helped to make possible—may we become the means of restoring the breath of life to the peoples of the world.

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Small Town Los Angeles

Weather, street cars, orange juice and naiveté go to make up a lovable city.

By **Willard F. Motley**

LOS ANGELES is an over-grown small town that awakened one morning to find itself America's fifth largest city. And it is the ambition of every citizen of L.A. to have a palm tree in his front yard and two citrus trees in his back yard. Add an atrocious glorified-barn structure called a house, stuccoed and whitewashed and weighted down by red or green tiles, and the "native son" is a happy child in a God-ordained, man-made paradise. Change the popular jingle to "Rain, rain, go away; California wants to brag." Substract the trite statement: "This is unusual weather," and the snappy eastern comeback: "Don't you have more unusual weather than usual weather?" Add America's greatest press agent, generally known as the Southern California Chamber of Commerce, plus a God-given portion of more than usual "usual weather," and in the average Angeleno you will find the most vainglorious, most naïve, happiest child on the American continent.

One fine day I awoke to find myself in this improvement on Paradise, this California created Eden. One of the first sights I saw was four neat, pretty high school girls sitting in a row on the cross seat of a city street car. They were a blonde, a Mexican girl, a colored girl and a Japanese girl. That was a very exact picture of Los Angeles. The city ranks second only to Mexico City in Mexican population and next to Harlem in Negro citizenry. There are 65,000 Japanese listed and the Filipinos also are well represented.

I stayed in the neighborhood of 103 Street—in a stuccoed nightmare: four walls, a semi-flat roof (tiled of course), a ridiculous two-by-four alcove-porch, gaudy awnings. There *was* a palm in front and, to show our affluence, *three* citrus trees in back.

In common with every new arrival in California I had admired these architectural claptraps for their novel and picturesque appearance. Then, on closer inspection of their everlasting monotonous parade of sameness, their attractiveness suddenly disappeared leaving only the vague cynicism that most women and some effeminate young men would apply to them the hateful word "cute."

Each is like its brother; even the slight variations in architecture are lost. Their tiny compactness is repulsive. Their interiors are too small for comfort. Things are always too close together and are forever getting tangled up in your legs or feet. There are no basements in which to pile junk; no attics in which to stow away trunks and family albums; no second floors on which to isolate unwelcome relatives. Even in the largest room you cannot swing your arms about unafraid and nowhere is there a room where your tallest friends won't fear scraping their heads against the ceiling.

The eternal orange juice was presented at breakfast every morning I was in L.A. Avocados were stuffed down my throat. At every opportunity the Los Angeles inmate bragged about the weather. To get away from the phonograph record that walks like a man I strolled out into the street to watch the city admire itself.

It was true! It was true! The weather was perfect. Under a monotonous bolt of blue, relieved by not even an amateur cloud, I walked. Every day was like the day before and there was no hope that there would ever be bad weather.

Then one day we did have some of that "unusual" weather. It rained, Oh how it rained!

I laughed in glee. I turned handsprings and brought down a fine array of fiesta pottery around my head. I tweaked the poor Angeleno by his blushing ears and went out into the streets to slop happily through rain puddles.

Earthquakes are minor tragedies in California. Rain is the great catastrophe. A pall hangs over the whole city and the incomplete writeups and photographs from eastern papers all entitled "Sunny California" don't help a bit. If there are "aliens" from other parts of the country in the household the situation is almost unbearable.

But once the rain sets in and really becomes a downpour the "native sons" treat it as a great adventure. What children they are when it rains! First they lose face and sulk. Then they laugh and exclaim over it and pretend it is as great a novelty as snow in Africa would be. They hold out their hands to it. They lift their faces to it. And if they have an out-of-state visitor, they make a retort something like, "You should feel at home now that we are having unusual weather."

And the trolley cars . . .

The Toonerville trolley à la Los Angeles affords no end of amusement and it is aboard the street

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cars that you encounter the real small town L.A. in its most striking sense. There are two systems, the city cars and the big red cars that bring passengers in from the environs. The former are the most antiquated looking I've ever seen in any fair-sized city. They are as big as box-cars, about as wieldy and sound like old time steam rollers. Father Junipero Serra, Padre of California, must surely have climbed aboard the same cars.

No one seems to know when, where or why they run. Placards bearing street names would be too simple. There is instead some mysterious alphabetical system which I was never able to decipher. V cars and O cars and D cars. Just the letter painted on front. A ride is always an adventure and one's destination is known only by the native-born. The cars have one redeeming feature—smoking compartments.

On a Los Angeles street car the passengers are all one big family. This is particularly noticeable on the red cars. The conductor, who often doesn't even bother to wear his uniform, is a blend of official greeter, fare collector and friend. Of course a schedule exists but it is impolite to be too aware of one. Instead it seems that the motorman waits for a fairly full house before starting off. And he knows all his customers. If a passenger oversleeps or drinks a second cup of coffee, you read your morning paper until he arrives. Furthermore the conductor, before starting off, gets out and sights down the street. If a passenger is *en route* you wait for him and like it.

The conductor on one of the morning cars I rode was a veritable Don Juan. He said hello to most of the women and surely all of the pretty ones. He asked about their health and, between stops, showered his abundant personality upon two in particular. The blonde had arrived first and with this coquette he held frequent whispered conversations. But when the second lady boarded the car, she completely usurped our conductor.

He had a unique system that help him spend more time with his lady friends. The transfers were lined up in a row on one of the seats and we all helped ourselves. To a passenger he commented: "See, I have them trained."

He got off his *bon mot* of the morning when we stopped at a wayside station for one passenger. Cramming his head into the car he said, addressing all of us: "Is that all? What did we stop for?"

On another morning a different conductor carried on in the casual manner I had become accustomed to. He held a shouted conversation with a friend in the third seat from the back. This went on the whole trip, broken into only when another suburban car tried to pass us. Then the ticket taker shouted up to the motorman: "You ain't going to let him get away with it, are you?"

The race was on. Our motorman grinned at his rival on the opposite track and stepped our speed up a notch. It is with pride that I report we won a short but thrilling race. And I fully expected to see our motorman thumb his nose at his defeated rival. But he managed to restrain himself. Or perhaps he didn't think of it.

For variety I often took the bus at 103 Street. We generally had the same driver. He was on the same free and easy terms with his passengers. But he was a little less polite. Once I heard him say to a fare: "Where do you want to get off, guy? —not you—the other guy."

One incident while riding on L.A.'s surface line is particularly amusing. The city line got into a bit of a jam one morning and I had to pull it out. I was riding the cross-town V car. A hit and run driver bumped an automobile in front of us, tore out its rear end and straddled it across both sets of street car tracks. Before a Californian can say, "How do you like our climate?" we were in a minor traffic tie-up. Surface cars going in both directions were soon five and six deep.

The boys from the company and some bystanders tried unsuccessfully to push the automobile off the tracks. More gathered. Seven in company uniforms and four in "civies" by actual count.

They pushed and pulled. Then they tugged and jerked. Finally they paused and rubbed reflective hands across puzzled chins while passengers, late to work, fumed and fretted.

Necks were crammed out of the windows of cars. I crammed mine out too. Helpful advice was given. I shouted brilliant but derisive witticisms, all uncomplimentary and directed at the company men.

Finally, leaving my lunch on the seat, I alighted and joined up with them. All they needed was a coach. Grabbing the rear bumper I yelled, trying to get the proper note of authority in my voice, "All right, . . . grab on here and let's lift it over to the curb."

They grabbed ahold. Lifting the car easily and moving it, little by little, we trundled it to the curbing.

Meanwhile my car, no longer obstructed, started off and I had to shout wildly to the motorman and do a fast 220 to hitch aboard and find my seat and my lunch. Such is gratitude.

From all this it might be gathered that I don't like L.A. and hold it up, dressed in its jester costume, for popular amusement. Far from it. Los Angeles is in my blood. Of all the cities I have adopted for a while and called home in my travels, the City of Angels is my favorite. Only my home town has a stronger claim on my heart. The old jest of the gay nineties was that when good Americans die they want to go to Paris. While I live I would like to live part of each year in Los Angeles. There I too can be a child, play in the sun, believe God created Paradise in California.

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Mortal Remains of Mother Cabrini

A correction of some of the statements made in "Saint over the Hudson."

By **Thomas A. Chapman, C. SS. R.**

ANYTHING written about Blessed Frances Xavier Cabrini holds a peculiar interest for the present writer. This interest dates back to 1918, the year of Mother Cabrini's entombment in the convent graveyard on the grounds of the Sacred Heart Orphan Asylum at West Park, N. Y. The previous summer I began the seminary course at Mount Saint Alphonsus, Esopus, N. Y., a delightful spot on the Hudson, about two miles north of the cemetery that then enshrined the mortal remains of this remarkably zealous little lady of God.

On December 29, 1917, after the final obsequies in Chicago, performed by the then Most Reverend Archbishop, now His Eminence George Cardinal Mundelein, the casketed remains of Mother Cabrini were taken to New York City, where they lay in state in Columbus Hospital. On Monday morning, December 31, 1917, the late Patrick Cardinal Hayes, then Auxiliary Bishop of New York, celebrated a solemn Requiem in the hospital chapel. The next day Mother Cabrini's body was removed to the beautiful villa of Manresa at West Park, where the orphans, so dear to her, paid her a final tribute of grateful love. The solemn Mass was celebrated by the Very Reverend Francis G. Fischer, C.SS.R., then rector of our seminary in Esopus. Ever since, we Redemptorists have been interested in the progress of this saintly nun's cause, for we considered her a "neighbor."

American Catholics were especially elated when the honors of beatification came to Mother Cabrini so comparatively soon after death. Right here may I profess a certain sympathy with Father Leonard Feeney, S.J., the biographer of Mother Elizabeth Seton, and the sharing with him of the earnest hope that in the "race" for canonization, Mother Seton will "break the tape" just one step ahead of Blessed Frances Xavier? (Though I suppose there are multitudes of American Catholics "cheering" for the "Lily of the Mohawks"—Catherine Tekakwitha!)

With great pleasure therefore I read Mr. Bryan M. O'Reilly's excellent article, "Saint Over the Hudson" (THE COMMONWEAL, May 12, 1939). It furnished enjoyable reading until I neared the bottom of the first column, where I ran smack into a series of sentences at variance with the facts in the case. Objective untruth bobs up three times in the second column. In the third column there looms up again the statement that mars an otherwise commendable article. The fourth and final column carries a classic apology for making a novena and a pilgrimage to Washington Heights to court the favor of the energetic little lady from Italy, a naturalized citizeness of these United States of America, the first of our number to attain the circumscribed honors of the altar attached to the high rank of the Blessed.

What then are the errors of fact given such emphasis in the recent contribution to the pages of THE COMMONWEAL? They are statements that her "body is incorruptible," "that God made her body resist corruption," that her "body which by all natural laws should long ago have crumbled into dust" was prevented from doing so by a "miracle of God." In its "What's What" introductory to an article by Father John LaFarge, S.J., "Blessed Frances Cabrini, Citizen of the United States," *America* (November 12, 1938) published the same mistake, adding that the body, ". . . marvellously fresh as in life, with features unimpaired and blue eyes open . . ." was exposed "for the public to view, for the believer as for the skeptic. . . ." When they were apprised of the truth in the case, the sage, humble editors of *America* in the next issue corrected the mistake: "The mortal remains of Mother Cabrini were found to be . . . the complete skeleton bones, well preserved. They were enclosed in a composition wax material, artificially constructed in the likeness of Mother Cabrini. This image is the one exhibited . . . at the Mother Cabrini High School. . . . We trust that in future years our previous statement will not be cited as testimony, and that this correction will be referred to as the facts in the case." (*America,* November 19, 1938, p. 147.)

The truth of the matter

The plain, unvarnished truth therefore is that the corpse of this gentle woman paid the common penalty of corruption, even under conditions that naturally retarded somewhat the usual process of fleshly disintegration. At no time was her body, strictly speaking, "interred," that is, placed in the earth; and it logically follows that at no time was her corpse "exhumed," that is, taken out of the ground. Her burial at West Park, N. Y., was in a

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metal casket carefully sealed and placed within a stone sarcophagus. This sarcophagus was above the floor level of the mausoleum. Her second burial on October 3, 1933, was in a vault beneath the marble floor of the sanctuary in the High School chapel at Fort Washington, New York City, a location likewise well above the ground level.

It was on this occasion that the people, who filled the chapel to overflowing, were informed of the true situation by the Apostolic Delegate, His Excellency Most Reverend Amleto Giovanni Cicognani, D.D., for in the course of his short address His Excellency plainly stated that the body of Mother Cabrini had taken the course followed by the run of ordinary mortals.

Hence it is a distinct disservice to her cause and to the best interests of piety and religion to allow this misconception to gain any further belief. For the absence of bodily preservation after burial in no way derogates from Mother Cabrini's shining holiness, and in no way diminishes God's glory.

What is the attitude of the Church respecting the preservation and the decay of human corpses, especially of the remains of her sons and daughters who have left this world with a reputation for extraordinary sanctity? This question is best answered by Pope Benedict XIV in his masterly work: "De Servorum Dei Beatificatione et Canonizatione," Book IV, Part I, Chapter XXX.

Had Adam and Eve and their posterity remained in the state of primal innocence there would have been no pain, no sickness, no death, and consequently no subsequent corruption of human flesh. At the end of the period of probation for each soul, the transition to eternal glory would have been made without passing through such gates. But since man's fall, pain, sickness, death and the corruption of the grave are the sad penalties to which all flesh is heir. There are, of course, two well-known exceptions to this general rule, the bodies of our divine Lord Jesus Christ and His immaculate Mother Mary. Vicariously for us they endured the penalties of pain and death, but not sickness. Corruption and decay in the strict meaning of the terms did not claim their lifeless bodies after burial; for soon afterwards Jesus and Mary arose from the dead.

With rare exceptions, the saints of God have paid the full penalty of pain, sickness, death and decay. The physical structure and chemical composition of corpses are doubtless as varied as the countless ailments and accidents that terminate human lives. The climate, the season of the year during which death occurs are factors in carnal corruption; the casket with its furnishings, the treatment of the corpse by the embalmer, the type of burial soil with its degree of moisture also must be given consideration. Sinner and saint alike, after death, ordinarily are subjected to the laws governing fleshly decay. It is equally true to state that sinner and saint alike will be favored by the laws of preservation, if the natural factors be present to produce preservation. Preservation, of itself, does not indicate heroic sanctity in the soul that has fled its earthly habitation; and by the same token, neither does corruption point out absence of heroic sanctity in any individual case.

However, in connection with other probable indications of exceptional holiness of life, preservation of a saintly man, woman or child, where bodily decay could be expected, would give rise to the belief that the natural laws governing decay have been suspended for some signal purpose.

At West Park, on October 3, 1933, when the Roman Commission formally opened the casket to view the remains, it was found that Mother Cabrini's body had been subjected to the laws of decay. There was shrivelled skin on her face and hands; but the fleshly tissue was being reduced to dust, leaving chiefly the skeleton robed in the religious habit of burial. This was a matter of keen disappointment to her daughters in religion. During all the years that had intervened from the time of her death they had fondly cherished the hope that their saintly mother and foundress would be found incorrupt.

How then account for the credence so willingly given to the error? There are at least two probable explanations. The first is the regrettable news release that gave wide circulation to the erroneous report; and the second is the skill of the Italian artist who made the composition masks that cover the exposed parts of Mother Cabrini's skeleton, the face and the hands. Unfortunately, a reporter was led to believe that the body was miraculously preserved. This reporter failed to verify the accuracy of an interview in Chicago. Privately, the news agency expressed regrets concerning the negligence; but I do not recall whether adequate publicity was given to the correction of the false impression created throughout the English-speaking world by the news release.

Last fall, for some weeks before removal to their present resting place under the main altar of the High School chapel, there were placed on public view the holy remains of the saintly foundress, newly clothed in her religious garb, and enclosed in a crystal coffin. Large crowds gathered to pay their respects, and to seek the holy nun's intercession. Some carried away the impression that they had viewed a miraculously preserved body. To quote *America* (November 19, 1938) "... they had been deceived by the lifelike appearance of the figure shown to the public. . . ."

Significantly enough, none of the official decrees in the *Acta Apostolicae Sedis* nor the official report of the examining commission contain any reference to a miraculous preservation after death of the mortal remains of this charming, dynamic apostle of charity.

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Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

I HAVE BEEN GOING through an experience of a singular kind, not new to me, but always strange no matter how often it is repeated—the experience of readjusting myself to my own, my native environment, after a prolonged absence in foreign parts, where I was steeped and indeed absorbed in interests and scenes remote from my normal life, save as they may be dimly reflected in newspapers and books. For example, during my four months in Italy and Spain, from which I have recently returned, I very seldom saw an American newspaper. At home, every day—with double chores on Sunday—it is and has been for many years my habit, acquired when I first entered newspaper work, nearly forty years ago, to read, or at any rate to skim through the headlines, the editorial and correspondence pages especially, of at least three to six different daily papers. What is more, it has been my custom to keep in touch with four to six weekly reviews, and a fluctuating number of monthly and quarterly magazines. And always—books, books, books. To do so is merely part of my job as a journalist; for, in addition, and more and more I find it to be by far the most valuable part of my journalism, there is attendance at meetings and conferences of various committees, and conversation and interviews with individuals: all sorts of individuals, from the "big shots" of governments and industries and Church and state administration and authors and experts in this or that down to the casual men or women of the masses of our nation whom one meets in shop or street, on trains or boats, here and there in country or in town, as one travels about in the course of one's work.

But in Europe, this time, partly through involuntary circumstances, and partly by deliberate choice, this routine was broken up, and, in fact, quite changed. All parts of it were broken up—except the meetings and conversations with all sorts and conditions of men and women: that habit I practiced with increased assiduity and a strengthened conviction of its superiority over reading the papers as a method for learning facts and gathering fruitful impressions of foreign lands and people and interests and events. Not that I deny or undervalue the power of the press to enlighten its readers, when the press does its work in the right spirit, and with adequate competency. On the contrary, as I watched and studied the methods and observed the deplorable results of government censorship and actual control of the press, in so large a part of Europe where it now is true that scarcely anything written or printed or spoken through the radio, or even preached in the pulpits, or taught in the schools and universities, escapes from the direction of centralized political force, I was forced to conclude that our American press, despite all its shortcomings, is greatly preferable to that which is poisoning the minds of great masses of Russians and Germans and Italians and other peoples under totalitarian governments. "With all thy faults, O American press, we love thee still!" must be the theme-song of our people if they travel and observe for themselves what happens when nations desert liberty—or have their liberty looted—and pass into some form of the servile state.

But at present these larger considerations are not my concern, save as they glaringly illustrate the truth of the more general idea I am discussing, namely, that no amount of mere reading, in newspaper offices or college libraries and studies or in the home, can give people the same realization of facts, the illuminating personal insights and impressions of the truth about the problems reported and discussed in the press as traveling does. That is to say, if the traveling is real traveling, in which the traveler does not merely go aboard a luxurious floating hotel, and proceed to live a sort of combined hotel-plus-sports-resort existence for a week or ten days and then goes on through a chain of other hotels, with a little visiting of the more celebrated art galleries, "cathedrals" and monuments of the past. Which is more or less what thousands of tourists do, and call it traveling. No; unless the traveler, no matter what type of boat or hotel he can afford, gets away from the luxury and the conventional programs of such "travels," he really does not travel at all, in his mind, and for his mind's improvement—to say nothing about his soul. He merely transports his body from place to place, pampering its senses, but with blinders over his mental eyes, and wax in his mental ears; a provincial on pilgrimage to foreign shrines of provincial paganism, which only differ from his home-town shrines by being expensive to reach and set amid scenes somewhat different, but not radically different, from what he is accustomed to worship in at home. But the genuine traveler breaks away from that tiresome trail, and, in Baudelaire's phrase, "enjoys a bath in multitude"—he goes among the multitudes, seeks out the leaders of these multitudes and talks with them.

I believe the need for such first-hand experiences, in order to understand what the press is reporting and talking about, is growing among Americans. I rather think that this need is what explains the popularity of such books as John Gunther's "Inside Europe," and now his even more enlightening "Inside Asia." Gunther is a wonderful reporter, especially because he depends so much upon what he himself sees and hears and experiences, rather than upon what other writers write, either in newspapers or books, though he makes judicious use of that material. But he knows how to select from the written stuff that which is actually vital and valid, and to leave untouched the great masses of padding and re-writing of other writers' padding and quotations which make up so much of our newspapers and books which discuss foreign affairs and interests. Not that I think Mr. Gunther is always reliable; indeed, because of his fundamentally erroneous ideas about religion, which crop out in some parts of his otherwise very valuable reports, he is a dangerous influence, as well as an instructive one in other respects. Which brings me back to my perpetual theme—the need of a true view of life on the part of our publicists and leaders: the view taught by the Catholic Church. But my space is exhausted; so, perhaps, are my readers. We will leave that subject until we meet again.

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Communications

CATHOLICS IN TRADE UNIONS

Spuyten Duyvil, N. Y.

TO the Editors: I promise that this will be my last answer to Father Smith, who cannot agree with the ACTU (Association of Catholic Trade Unionists) that workers have "an obligation to join a *bona fide* union."

Being unwilling to engage in merely swapping ethical distinctions, I appeal to Pius XI's encyclical on "Atheistic Communism": "In reality, besides commutative justice, there is also social justice with its own set obligations, from which neither employers nor workingmen can escape. Now it is of the very essence of social justice to demand from each individual all that is necessary for the common good." (See also Monsignor Ryan's article in THE COMMONWEAL for June 16 on the recent development of Catholic doctrine on social justice.)

Since Father Smith admits, I believe, that unions, though only a means, are still in this day and age a *necessary* means to achieve that occupational grouping the Popes have said is so essential to the common good, it follows that "workers have an obligation to join a *bona fide* union."

Two of the experts "officially" agree with this view in "The Modern Social and Economic Order" (a symposium published by Our Sunday Visitor Press), Father MacGowan on p. 153, Monsignor Haas at some length on pp. 193-195.

Of course, we recognize the authority of the Bishops to grant or withhold permission in particular cases. But it is generally understood that the American Bishops do tacitly permit membership in *bona fide* unions such as the majority of CIO, AFL or genuinely independent unions. It may be that in some instances a Bishop has withheld permission (I have not heard of any), but if so, he obviously did not regard the union in question as *bona fide*.

I also promise that this will be my last answer to Messrs. Scott and Barry. First, let us get this straight once and for all. The ACTU has always and will always accept the Christian philosophy of labor *in toto*. The whole basis of our program is that in all his work a man's essential human dignity must be jealously guarded. If Tom Barry does not think we stated this positively enough, perhaps it was because we took it too much for granted. However, I did point out in the article that started all this, that from the beginning the ACTU declared war on "the mass-production heresy that labor is a commodity like pig-iron and that men may rightly be enslaved to machines."

What was not accepted in Adé de Béthune's pamphlet "Work" (I can state this accurately since I wrote the review Tom refers to) was the assumption I seemed to detect that it is impossible to reconcile the Christian philosophy of labor with machine production.

Adé later informed me that I was wrong in drawing this inference, but certainly Ray Scott does, with most of the agrarians, state said proposition with the most dogmatic certainty. He says that in spite of the most perfect working conditions or the most complete sharing in management, ownership or profits, a factory worker cannot "exercise his own intellect, will and creative faculties in respect to the product," and that of necessity he is "degraded into a sub-human robot."

But what Ray fails to see is that when workers share in management, as they do with a strong, recognized union, and especially when they share in ownership and profits, they then have the *opportunity* to "exercise intellect, will and creative faculties with respect to the product." In fact, in the same review Tom Barry criticizes I praised the CIO Steel Workers for tackling the job of making this same opportunity mean something to each individual worker.

Another thing Ray Scott does not see is that when working conditions are "decent" there can be, *ipso facto,* no "degradation of the worker into a sub-human robot." And once the workers through their unions have the power, there is no reason why they cannot correct the brutalizing features of mass-production. Perhaps this will involve a complete abolition of the assembly-line system, perhaps only a modification involving the combination of several operations to each worker or the frequent rotation of workers from one operation to another.

In any case, Tom Barry is right in saying we do agree that preservation of the worker's human dignity is more important than preservation of the industrial system. My only complaint about the agrarians' attitude, which is especially annoying in Ray Scott's letter, is that they do not produce the goods to support their dogma that human dignity and industrialism can never be reconciled. The ACTU and myself are confident that such a reconciliation is possible, though we are not so gloriously sure of it as the agrarians are that it is impossible. Can it be that we are a little more open-minded? Heaven forbid.

At any rate, we are determined to give the whole thing a thorough trial, a trial, by the way, that has never really been made in this country because Tom Barry's "unity of a common attitude" toward the problem has never existed. I hope that the agrarians will agree with me that this insistence on a fair trial is, at the very least, not entirely unreasonable.

I thank my friends Father Smith, Ray Scott and Tom Barry for their criticism. I for one have enjoyed the discussion.

JOHN C. CORT.

WAR AND PEACE

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: Inasmuch as the United States is already participating in a war of attrition, what hope is there that it can succeed in keeping out of a war of violence?

For what is this most oppressive building of vast armaments but a measure in a war of attrition, which can end only in either actual war, or a collapse of one country or another, from the actual starvation and deprivation of peoples, which the cost of these armaments exacts?

Are we not crying peace, peace, when there is no peace? This summer will mark the twenty-fifth anniversary of the beginning of the World War. Are we not yet awaiting the first anniversary of its ending?

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Is not the problem to end, not to prevent, America's participation in the war?

FRANK D. SLOCUM.

IN DEFENSE OF BROWNSON

Fond du Lac, Wis.

TO the Editors: The new biography of Orestes A. Brownson by Arthur M. Schlesinger is a book of undoubted pretensions. But it is scarcely to be expected that all will be satisfied with the complexion he imparts to some of the facts narrated in unfolding the continuity of Brownson's intellectual life. Considerable space in the book deals with the charge of frequent changes of opinions or beliefs preferred by Brownson's opponents; as his adversaries exploited this charge to the full as an excuse for ignoring his unanswerable arguments in defense of the Church, one might regret that the author did not see fit to meet the charge a little more exhaustively. That the pilgrim changed his opinions or beliefs from time to time on his way to the citadel of truth was a matter of course, but that the great fundamental principles which formed the basis of his intellectual life were subject to change is quite another thing. Students of Brownson as well as literary critics in general would do well to meditate seriously the illuminating hint given by Brownson himself on how to study and understand a worthwhile author.

"We understand by sympathy. Never begin an author," said Brownson, "a real author I mean, in a critical spirit. Allow him to enlist your sympathies as far as he can, and to carry you away, provisorily, with him; see with his eyes and think with his thought, till you have taken all there is of him up into yourself. Then you may turn him over and criticize him as if he were yourself, and thus master him, and put him in his place. Read always with an open, not a closed mind and heart. This has been my method of study through life. The drawback in my case has been that the circumstances of my life have compelled me to write and publish while the process was going on, before I had time to complete it. Hence the charge of fickleness and frequent changes of opinion. The world has never known, and will never know, the steadiness with which I have adhered to my principles, any more than it will know the loving heart and the generous sympathy with which I have always studied. The loving heart is the true auxiliary of the comprehensive mind—the truth Plato had in view when he made love and intelligence the two wings of the soul, on which it soars into the Empyrean."

Mr. Schlesinger also thinks that Brownson argued at times "somewhat speciously" to justify his shifts of opinions or beliefs. But there are those who will probably persist in believing that Brownson was too great and too honest a man to stoop to specious reason in any form, diluted or undiluted. That there may have been some appearances to that effect may be readily conceded; the above quotation may furnish the key of the right interpretation of adverse appearances. Alexander Pope's lines, "An honest man's the noblest work of God," apply, of all men, to Brownson.

REV. THOMAS RYAN, C.PP.S.

Points & Lines

South America Grows More Real

WITH THE DECLINE of European friends and the development of antagonistic European competitors, the United States is gradually attempting to view the countries of South America more realistically. The trade statistics are examined with greater interest. Probably more significant, there are increasing attempts to make cultural contact with the Latin-American nations, and greater efforts to understand them. Because South America was colonized by two great Catholic missionary countries, and still remains largely Catholic, the Church is a most important means to understanding and unity between our two continents. A recent note in the London *Tablet* contained pertinent background news:

> The Catholic population of Brazil now numbers 40,000,000, outnumbering the joint Catholic populations of the United States and Canada. The total population is 47,000,000, of whom 38,000,000 are "more or less white." . . .
>
> Information is coming to hand about the devastation caused by the recent earthquake in Chile and the destruction of church property. As was stated by the Bishop of Linares, Monsignor Juan Subercaseaux, in Washington, the four most populous dioceses of the country have practically lost all their property. . . . The position is all the more difficult as a few years ago all church property had been nationalized. Several Bishops are touring Argentina, Brazil, the United States and Canada in order to gather funds for the restoration of the dioceses.
>
> The Spanish Carmelites, who have been working for twenty years in the Apostolic Prefecture of Uraba, Colombia, have built a town in the backwoods, S. José di Uraba, which is now a center for the Indian tribes, complete with church, school, municipal buildings, aerodrome, monastery, art and craft school. The majority of the thirty thousand Indians are Catholics.

On June 16 a Social Service Mission headed by the Very Reverend John F. O'Hara, C.S.C., president of the University of Notre Dame, sailed to Caracas, the capital of Venezuela. It is preeminently a Catholic mission, including over twenty Catholic experts in various phases of social and educational activity. According to the Buffalo *Echo:*

> The mission, invited by President Lopez Contreras of Venezuela, who plans to develop a national program of social welfare, is the first of this character in the history of the Americas. . . .
>
> "This is a challenging opportunity for the agencies of Christian civilization to demonstrate that they are capable of dealing with social problems effectively and efficiently at the time when alien *isms* are making claims and inroads in the Western Hemisphere," Father O'Hara said.
>
> The mission is composed of experts in housing, public health, hospitalization, education, nursing, community organization for social service, legislation for social action, social insurance and social service in agriculture and industry.

The principal scare of fascist aggression in South America currently comes from Bolivia, where a dictator recently set himself up in power. The *Chistian Science Monitor* reports from La Paz:

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The repeated strong denials of Bolivian officials, at home and abroad, that the new phase of the Busch dictatorship resembles European totalitarianism indicate governmental anxiety here regarding foreign and especially American reactions to the changed régime. . . .

Foreign Minister Diez de Medina carried the presidential explanations farther.

1. Bolivia remains true to the principles of friendship and equity subscribed to by the 21 American republics and to solidarity with the "great democratic front."

2. The dictatorship is a temporary step to eradicate ills which threaten Bolivian nationality itself. It is no totalitarian government of an occidental type, because there it has no intention to absorb the individual in the state, to pursue territorial expansion, to control economy, to promote racial strife, to link religion with politics, to establish the "integral corporate régime" which undermines private initiative, to abolish the democratic charter which provides citizens' rights and equality before the law, and to surrender to the "cult of force," since Bolivia is interested in peace, as demonstrated by its signature of the Buenos Aires Peace Pact.

3. The present régime is approved by the Bolivian people who realize that a strong, conducting hand is necessary to recover from post-war chaos.

4. It is erroneous to assert that Bolivia desires to increase its trade only with certain powers. Its oil policy is proof of its wish to break its tradition as a one-line exporter and to open up new lines of trade on the basis of its natural wealth.

Business Week inquires about Bolivian-Italian barter:

The rumored deal between Bolivia and Italy—Bolivia bartering tin for Italian textiles—is not yet confirmed. But business of this sort between the Latin American countries which have surpluses of the one or two products which form the basis of their economy must be expected. Bolivia, as well as Brazil, and Mexico, and the Central American countries, would prefer to sell in the open market for free exchange, but when that is impossible, they are forced to accept what they can get for their goods from whoever will buy them.

The New York *Sun* told of another cultural effort:

A series of three American book exhibitions will be held this summer in Buenos Aires, Argentina; Montevideo, Uraguay; and Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, giving the citizens of these three South American republics their first opportunity to see a comprehensive exhibition of books printed and published in the United States. The exhibitions have been made possible through the cooperation of thirty-two American publishers and the United States Department of State. Close to 3,000 books have been selected for the exhibits, designed to give the citizens of the South American cities a cross-section of American life.

Our Sunday Visitor reprints an article from the Washington *Evening Star* indicating the bad impression made by some of our more lurid magazines among the people of Buenos Aires. The form is an interview:

"Why do you North Americans arm your enemies with such weapons as this?"

The editor held out a United States picture weekly and thumbed it to the photograph of a college boy and girl kissing as they sprawled on a sofa.

"For years I have advocated the exchange of students between our countries. I have planned to send my little girl to school in the States. But after this, no! . . .

"If I, knowing the publishing business, knowing America from personal observation, am alienated from your country by such pictures, then what of the masses, the untutored or the conservative among our leading people?"

The Stage & Screen

The Players of the Year

THE ACTOR rather than the dramatist has made the season of real moment. Despite the drag of Hollywood, the American theatre's average of acting is still as high as that of any country in the world. What is more, it is apparent that the public is beginning to demand again the actor. The greatest legitimate hits of the year have been those headed by a star—Tallulah Bankhead in "The Little Foxes," Katherine Hepburn in "Philadelphia Story," Katherine Cornell in "No Time for Comedy," Raymond Massey in "Abe Lincoln in Illinois," and Maurice Evans in "Henry IV" and "Hamlet." The question at once arises—is the theatre to return to the rule of the actor? A few years ago such a visualization would have appalled the theatre's well-wishers, but today many are hoping that it will occur. There can be only one thing to combat the public's worship of the movie star—the worship of the star in the legitimate theatre. The prime interest of the average man or woman is in concrete human beings, and this doubly applies to the theatre. Only the critical mind picks out a play; the non-critical picks out a player and makes that player into a hero or a heroine. Unless the theatre is to become an esoteric art, the great public must be appealed to, the public, or at least the more mature portion of it, which now goes to the movies. The play is of course the thing, but it is only the thing if it draws a large enough audience to make its presentation possible. The rise of the movie star shows how potent is this personal appeal, and the success of the plays in which Miss Bankhead, Miss Hepburn, Miss Cornell, Mr. Massey and Mr. Evans have appeared proves that the public is perfectly willing to give its affections to personalities on the speaking stage.

There is one thing, however, which the public will also demand—capable supporting actors. The season just ending has shown that we have these in sufficient numbers. To mention a few: Laurence Olivier and John Williams in "No Time for Comedy"; Joseph Cotten and Van Heflin in "Philadelphia Story"; Mildred Natwick in "Missouri Legend"; Jose Ferrer in "Mamba's Daughters"; John Griggs in "Lightnin'"; Patricia Collinge, Florence Williams, Frank Conroy in "The Little Foxes"; Jessica Tandy, Liam Redmond and Ralph Cullinan in "The White Steed," in which Barry Fitzgerald was practically the star. Of the newcomers first mention must be made of two veterans in the theatre but newcomers to the legitimate stage. In "Here Come the Clowns" Eddie Dowling proved himself an actor of extraordinary tenderness and sensitiveness, and in "Mamba's Daughters" Ethel Waters rose to heights of tragedy rarely reached by modern actresses. Then in "Here Come the Clowns" we found Leo Chalzell at last in a part which gave him an opportunity to display his power, his insight and his virtuosity. Of players utterly unknown, Helen Claire in "Kiss the Boys Good By" gave the outstanding performance, though

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it is too soon to determine whether Miss Claire is an actress or just a personality. And then in musical comedy there was the inimitable Victor Moore in "Leave It to Me." I have forgotten to mention above the actors of the Group Theatre in "Rocket to the Moon," and especially Morris Carnovsky and Luther Adler. Yes, the season has been rich, at least in actors. GRENVILLE VERNON.

Sequels

WARNER BROTHERS' efforts to recapture the success of last year's "Four Daughters," by using the same cast and a similar "family" theme, falls rather flat. "Daughters Courageous" works too hard over its series of rapid-fire wisecracks and its obvious solution. Director Michael Curtiz and the cast do as well as they can with a screenplay that lacks sincerity and depth of characterization. You know, as soon as first explanations are stated, that Fay Bainter, the mother of four fresh, overly playful daughters (the Lane sisters and Gale Page), will have her engagement to Babbitty Donald Crisp disturbed by the entrance of Claude Rains, her first husband who has been kicking around the world for twenty years. You know when Priscilla Lane turns from her budding playwright (Jeffrey Lynn) to indolent, smugly assured, carefree John Garfield, that the whole affair will end with Rains's and Garfield's walking out on the family to keep "a date with the world." John Garfield does an extremely good job with his rôle. It's too bad that motivations throughout weren't considered more carefully; this cast is worthy of something better than all this shallowness.

What with everyone worked up over events surrounding the sinking of the *Squalus* and the *Thetis,* Columbia's release of "Clouds Over Europe" is most timely. However, this English film, concerned with the strange disappearance of British planes on their test flights, is really only an imitation of old-style American minor melodramas. Ralph Richardson, as the Scotland Yard man called in on the case, succeeds in instilling life, humor and variety into the adventurous goings-on; but, on the whole, the picture is bogged down by unintelligible talking and dialing of instruments. While you are learning that enemy ships shoot out rays that cripple the planes enough to allow this unnamed enemy to capture them, you become bored with Laurence Olivier's undistinguished performance as a test pilot and Valerie Hobson's laughable impersonation of a Hollywood star's impersonation of a reporter.

"Five Came Back" is American melodrama, new style. Copying the technique of "Stagecoach," but not achieving its high standards, this picture collects thirteen ill-assorted people, piles them into an airship flying to Panama, tells bit by bit enough about them to arouse your curiosity, gives them a perilous trip and dumps them in an Amazon jungle. Director John Farrow builds up an excellent suspense and keeps an even balance in his large cast which is without stars but has several good performances. The Robinson Crusoe experiences that effectively change the whole group and the exciting climax when one man must decide which five will be saved are particularly effective after the picture's slow beginning.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Another Volume of Beard

By FRANCIS DOWNING

IT WAS Lord Acton who wrote that contemporary history is not teachable. The presumption against certainty noted by Acton has affected our historians. Not only are they—if they are historians—diffident about teaching it, they are timid about writing contemporary history. Perhaps that is why the journalists have taken over the field.

More than a mere "case" can be made out for their point of view. Yet if any historians can with safety take the plunge these are the Beards. Whatever else is true, only the historian whose knowledge of the past is overtly beyond dispute has an earned right to discuss the present and betray intelligent concern for the future. Surely the Beards' knowledge of our past is so great and profound as to be beyond dispute.

The title of their new book is arresting: "America in Midpassage." * It is, besides, consoling. It reveals that we are not on the rim of destruction, that night is not yet; that the Beards remember Herodotus; that history is movement and flux, a conflict of ideas and interests evolving in time.

Truly this is an astonishing book. It is not only a history of American politics; it is a history of American culture. It is at once encyclopedic, brilliant, audacious, thrilling. Footnotes do not appear, but the book is internally documented. It is often critical with the detachment of a surgeon; vital with the life of a participant; tender and sympathetic as the work of a lover; and brave with the hope of a man who has known despair, aspired to victory, and believes in the ultimate supremacy of intelligence. Only saints, poets and historians can possess such faith. Among Americans for a knowledge of the present, a sense of historical relativity, hope for the future, surely the Beards are unique.

The "Rise of American Civilization" closed with the era of Coolidge. This book picks up the story at that point and carries it forward to the present. The period before the depression the Beards call "The Golden Glow," when "no powerful faction challenged the form of government or threatened the vested rights of property." This and the chapter on the depression constitute a surgical operation. They are piercing and profound, and through them runs that mordant satire with which the works of Charles Beard have made us familiar.

Given its background, the New Deal appears to have been inevitable. And on the whole the Beards are favorably disposed toward the New Deal. They do not seem so concerned with its beliefs as with its works. They have no illusions about the Supreme Court's place in the New Deal, for with the Court's past at least Charles Beard is unusually familiar. Of their attitude and method let this be a sample: of the AAA decision they write: "In any case the power of the Court had been vindicated and the triumph over regimentation had been magnificent—in the

* America in Midpassage, by Charles and Mary Beard. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

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particular matter and for a time, if not for eternity." And again: "It was demonstrated that judicial intervention had not stopped the movement of secular history."

Few, I think, who possess historic sense can quarrel with this evaluation of Mr. Roosevelt: "It was well within the circle of factual description to say that in his numerous discourses Franklin D. Roosevelt discussed the basic human and economic problems of American society with a courage and range displayed by no predecessor in office; that he thrust their challenges into spheres hitherto indifferent or hostile; that he set in swift circulation, through the use of radio, ideas once confined to groups more or less esoteric; that he both reflected and stirred the thought of the nation to the uttermost borders of the land. . . . After all the criticisms brought against him, justly and unjustly, had been weighted and assayed, that much remained written in the record and implanted in the accumulating heritage of thought and aspiration."

With the foreign policy, however, of Mr. Roosevelt they take issue. It is their considered opinion that "the central drive of the Roosevelt administration was in the direction of intervention." The chapters called "Sources of Foreign Power" and "Shapes of Foreign Policies" are expertly written and ought, I think, to be soberly read by every sober American.

The chapter on labor seems to me excellently written and I have seen nothing quite like it—so objective is it and so sane. Perhaps it contains too serious a note of warning. But the Beards are not the worst people to be warned by.

Nowhere in the book are chapters so incisively brilliant as those called "England's Colonial Secret" or "The Second American Revolution," which appear in the "Rise of American Civilization." Yet the chapter on entertainment is fascinating if a little humiliating. The chapter on social thought is more than competent if not exactly the ultimate word on the subject.

I shall not, of course, be the first to quarrel with the essay on literature. Of all the chapters it betrays most the Beards' lack of perspective. As the author of what, I suppose, will be a "social document," a case can be made out for James T. Farrell, but as a writer and a novelist it is sheer nonsense to regard him as more important than Thomas Wolfe. "Whether Ernest Hemingway's 'To Have and Have Not' belonged in the category of love stories or of social interpretation" seems to me of almost the slightest importance. I do not regard it as important even for devotees of Hemingway. Surely it indicates the unimportance of being Ernest. Surely, also, seriously to consider and re-tell the plot of James M. Cain's "Serenade" is to go off the deep end. Few are more aware than the Beards of the bases of things, and they are not easily victims of any mythology. But it does seem, here, that literature and "social documents" become a little mixed up. It does not seem fair, either, to sneer at Van Wyck Brooks's masterly "Flowering of New England" simply because his recreation seemed nostalgic. Writing of Farrell, the Beards quote Ralph Thompson with approval to the effect that "merely graceful writers come by the dozen." I still think we have a right to demand graceful writers and that one does not become important as a novelist who *merely* records or gives a "close angle" to life or writes cleverly of fornication as does John O'Hara. Besides, I have read a fair quantity of American literature, and if graceful writers come by the dozen I must be singularly obtuse in missing them.

On the other hand, this must be said. No book written of the period so comprehensively covers the literature of the period. This, too, I think, should be remembered. The Beards' reaction is a corrective in so far as it destroys an impatience with "glad" literature. When one remembers the apparent influence of "Teddy" Roosevelt on Booth Tarkington and his obvious influence on Owen Wister, undue criticism of this chapter loses some of its relevancy.

The chapter on science seems marvelously comprehensive. And no more coruscating, incisive or profound review of democracy can be found than that contained in the concluding chapter. It is easy to criticize this book, but this remains true. It is a brilliant, comprehensive and masterly analysis of the America it considers. And until the Beards write such another book, we are not likely to see its peer again.

More Books of the Day

Notions of Race

Race: A History of Modern Ethnic Theories, by Louis L. Snyder. New York: Longmans, Green and Company; Alliance Book Corporation. $3.00.

IN THIS VERY WELCOME ADDITION to the sober, as distinct from the maudlin, literature on race, Doctor Snyder describes and analyzes the chief racial theories of the last century and a half, with special attention to the individual theorists. The phase of the movement which has attained its extreme elaboration in contemporary Germany receives the lion's share of attention, roughly about a third of the content of the book, but proportionate space is also devoted to the kindred trends that have developed elsewhere, especially in England, France, Italy and the United States. Part VII of the work, comprising some forty pages or more, is devoted to the "pan-movements"—pan-Slavism, pan-Turanism, pan-Africanism and pan-Asianism—each of which is closely tied up with racialist assumptions and ambitions. The picture presented is a worldwide one, sweeping up to its highest peak in present-day Germany. Snyder links up the racialist movement historically with the growth of nationalism since the French Revolution.

The author's approach is primarily historical, with the anthropological subordinated thereto. The work appears to the present reviewer as a very objective account of the epidemic. The presentation is clear, simple, direct, without rhetoric and without vituperation. In general, the study is the most complete historical survey of the racial movement or movements which we have. The reviewer would personally wish that a little more space had been given to the phenomenon of racialism in the United States, but this is purely an individual's preference.

Snyder feels, and many of us agree with him heartily, that "race prejudice and race hatred among the peoples of the earth have progressed so rapidly that belief in race has become a dominant factor of contemporary times." The

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causes responsible for racialism are not basically intellectual. Racialism has been sired, not by science, but by our politico-economic order. Snyder gives a very significant brief analysis of these factors (pp. 51-53).

May we hope that he, and other historians as well equipped, will give us more light on them. Until we can scientifically diagnose the causes that underlie racialism, the symptom, and treat these causes adequately, there is little hope of a better day. The injection of scientific facts and established conclusions will not cure this racially sick civilization. Racialists are as the air invulnerable to the weapons of science, or, as Snyder puts it, racialism "scorns the machinery of the intelligent mind," not only in Germany and other parts of the Old World but also in our own United States. Dissemination of the scientific facts may help the patient to recover, but it is only from more radical treatment of the manifold emotional, economic and political causes of the disease that cure can be reasonably anticipated.

Everyone interested, whether from an historical, a scientific, a humanitarian or a religious point of view, in the recovery of our racially sick world will be profoundly grateful for Doctor Snyder's splendid historical study.

JOHN M. COOPER.

FICTION

The Salesman, by John Herrmann. New York: Simon and Schuster. $2.50.

WITH THE PUBLICATION of this novel by John Herrmann, one of the minor tragedies that stud American literature is made manifest and perhaps completed. John Herrmann started out on a par with many fine young writers, Ernest Hemingway and Thomas Wolfe among others. It now appears doubtful that Herrmann ever possessed the genius of these others, but he was certainly a good deal more than a competent writer. However, not even this can longer be said for him.

The dullness of this book is easily excused because of the people he has chosen to write about, although in his novelette, "The Big Short Trip," he wrote vividly and poignantly about the same kind of people. What is inexcusable is the book's unevenness, the frequent false notes in dialogue, the failure to choose a more typical situation for the universal character which his title implies.

It is no particular secret that John Herrmann has done some work in recent years organizing for the Communist Party. It seems to me that any work of this nature—such as that of a missionary priest, a labor organizer or even a Führer in the Knights of the White Camellia—takes a substantial toll, not only in time, but in nervous energy. Now nervous energy is all the fuel, so to speak, that any artist has to make him work. There are very few men who can be intense about more than a single thing and John Herrmann is apparently not one of them. He has made his choice, and who am I to argue that saving the world is not a more noble ambition than writing good or even great literature.

I do not mean to be facetious. John Herrmann knows how to write well. That he has not written well in this book seems to indicate that he is simply tired, physically tired. Certainly, its very uneven texture would seem to confirm this.

I would differ with him as to the situation in which he places his salesman, Robert Crawford. Certainly, very few salesmen are saddled by a white elephant of a house owned by their in-laws. If Mr. Herrmann means to indicate a decadent and unfair economic system, many of us will agree with him that such exists. But he seems to have overlooked the fact that if Robert Crawford had not been burdened with such an abnormally expensive house, he would have been fairly well off financially.

HARRY SYLVESTER.

Swastika, by Oscar Schisgall. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.00.

EVERY READER will recognize this novel as undisguised propaganda against the Hitler régime in Germany. It is a story about a young American woman and her German-born husband who go, with their child, from New York City to Germany on a visit. The German husband is completely won over to Nazi policies and practices and a nicely tangled plot develops forthwith. At the crucial moment the husband, fairly bristling with his newly acquired German prejudices, discovers that he is half Jewish! This journalistically written story has a slight timely interest. It is as convincing as—and no more convincing than—a news story in any propagandizing newspaper.

R. B.

RELIGION

Religious Trends in English Poetry, Volume I, 1700-1740, *by H. N. Fairchild. New York: Columbia University Press.* $5.00.

IN THE AUTHOR'S own words, he "has not aspired to be read with equal pleasure by the man in the street, the busy housewife, the college freshman and the seasoned scholar," and we owe him thanks for this, as also for his decision to treat seriously the subject of religious values in English poetry. The present volume is the first of five projected works which propose to examine the interrelation of English poetry and religion up to our own times. In the preface, the reader is warned very handsomely that he must temper his own prejudices with the author's bias, which is that of an Anglo-Catholic "in theory and in practice."

In the rôle of his own inquisitor, the author has haled before him some 128 poets, great and small, whose working life falls within the scope of his period, and he has examined their poetic product for evidence of their religious motivation or the absence thereof. The term "religion" has been given the widest possible interpretation. Professor Fairchild justifies his conclusions by lengthy and apt quotation in every case and each poet and poetaster is classified in his proper doctrinal pigeonhole.

Aside from the value of a competent analysis of the manifold degrees of dissent among English protestant writers of the early eighteenth century, this book has an additional value. It is the author's opinion that Puritan protestantism, carrying along with it all its political and religious connotations, survived as a vital literary influence, and preserved those qualities in literature which we call "romantic" throughout the course of the eighteenth century. Sentimentalism, or the literary religion of human self-sufficiency and deistic benevolence, was the first stage on the road to the so-called romantic revival; moreover, the alleged precursorial elements of romanticism found in some eighteenth century work is to be found predominantly in the work of poets whose background and apparent beliefs were Puritant-protestant and Whiggish. The romanticism of the 1790's and after was, therefore, a fulfillment of the increasingly latitudinarian protestant tradition, and by no means the product of a chance revival of

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medieval studies or of Germanic influences. It was the individualistic spirit of the Puritan-protestant, recurring in the field of letters, divorced almost entirely from the Christian idea. In this, his first volume, the author does not press his theory very far, and naturally so.

This book cannot be taken at a gulp; section for section it makes tedious reading, but upon reflection it appears interesting and stimulating. Of Catholic, or, as the author would say, "Romanist" special interest, there is not very much. The years 1700-1740 were none too happy for us "Romanists" in England, and our sole representative, Alexander Pope, fares none too well at Professor Fairchild's hands. It is only fair to say that he does not deserve better than he receives in a discussion of religious inspiration. One must wish that the mark of the university lecture-room style were not so heavily impressed upon this book, as it is a painstaking and learned work, deserving of a wider audience than it seems fated to have.

J. G. E. HOPKINS.

Pilgrim Places in North America, by Ralph L. and Henry F. Woods. With a preface by Michael Williams. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. $1.50.

"THE Chancellors of all the dioceses and archdioceses in the United States were asked to give the names and locations of shrines in their respective jurisdictions. Information about each shrine was then sought from the priests or nuns in charge of it." The result is an authentic little volume, uncommercial and impartial as a dictionary, with tourist, map and road information concerning 135 shrines of more than parochial appeal.

It is good to get so large a view in so small a book. We are grateful for what has been omitted in the way of spiritual advertising. Because the Church is Catholic and understanding of all her children, there are grottoes of Lourdes and perpetual novenas for those who are drawn to these devotions; there are woodsy places where holy pioneers have prayed. We can travel to historical spots consecrated by the blood of martyrs; we can worship in sanctuaries hallowed and beautified by missionaries of the South and West.

There is sound psychology in an occasional change of environment for prayer. Canterbury pilgrims had a good time when they went a-praying. Whether we go on foot or horseback, whether we travel by stage coach or motor car, Heaven's our destination; there is drama and adventure on the way. This little volume will tease us on to new adventure in prayer.

JOHANNA DONIAT.

The Mystical Body and the American Bishops, compiled by Gerald Ellard, S. J. St. Louis: The Queen's Work. $1.00.

FATHER ELLARD'S writing on the spiritual and social aspects of the Liturgy have won him a special place among American writers on religious subjects. He has dedicated himself to the Liturgical apostolate, in every sense of the term, working not only for the better and more fitting performance of public worship, but particularly for greater public participation in official worship. The present volume represents a true labor of love, and one which must have meant spending many long hours. Here he gathers together in seven carefully organized chapters scores of sentences and paragraphs by members of the American hierarchy which deal with the doctrine of the Mystical Body. Anyone who thinks that this doctrine is a sort of sugar frosting on the cake of theology will find

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Father Ellard's compilation disturbing. Those who already know something of the subject will find it a valuable ally and suggestive of further study. H. L. B.

Saint Peter's on the Vatican, by Augustin McNally. New York: The Strand Press. $3.50.

IT SEEMS incredible that there should never have been published in English a book which deals entirely with the central temple of the Catholic Church, that church of which, in one sense, the Pope is very directly and personally the pastor. Yet this seems to be the case, and Mr. McNally deserves all of our thanks for having undertaken the task. The result is a book which perhaps no other man could have written. Any patient researcher could have made a combined history and guide for St. Peter's; only Mr. McNally could have done it in a style which is at once gracious and salty, which makes easy—often amusing—reading out of what could so easily have been a dusty matter. One might quarrel with his valuation of the building from an esthetic point of view—it has been called a Pantheon set on top of a Parthenon. But that is beside the point. St. Peter's remains St. Peter's. H. L. B.

Another Mexico, by Graham Greene. New York: The Viking Press. $3.00.

AN ENGLISHMAN, with his English books for solace, visits Mexico, concentrates on the particularly primitive Southern frontier states of Tabasco and Chiapas, gets dysentery and a general loathing for the country and produces a journey book for personal impressions. It should serve as an awful warning to casual travelers who are thinking of going off the "beaten path." The author endures what is described as little short of martyrdom to reach the ruins of Palenque, only to discover that "there was no compulsion to see them, and I hadn't the strength to climb more than two of the cold snaky chambers."

On his own, however, and away from the protecting hand of travel agencies, he manages to cut quite a slice of Mexican life at its more pungent levels and to put into vivid, spontaneous prose a selection of revealing episodes—without benefit of Victorian delicacy. The result is an authentic and odorous picture of the decay and confusion that have followed in the wake of the Mexican reformers. As a Catholic, he notes well, if dispassionately, the Mexican variety of devastation, which—wrought on an infinitely smaller scale—is now evoking for Europe the indignant cries of an outraged humanity.

Thus, referring to the work of progressive Socialism under Garrido Canabal: "Nothing in a tropical town can fill the place of a church for the most mundane use; a church is the one spot of coolness out of the vertical sun, a place to sit, a place where the senses can rest a little while from ugliness; it offers to the poor man what a rich man may get in a theatre—though not in Tabasco. Now in Villahermosa, in the blinding heat and the mosquito-noisy air, there is no escape at all for anyone. Garrido did his job well: he knew that the stones cry out, and he didn't leave any stones." Unfortunately, he allows his disgust for the neurotic purveyors of official irreligion in Mexico to spoil the entire scene. He brands the land as "a country of disappointment and despair." He escapes from the hinterland, only to find Mexico City a place of boredom and hatefulness. Surely, even from the depths of justified grief, something better and more hopeful could be said for this land of marvels. JAMES A. MAGNER.

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The Inner Forum

THIS MONTH has witnessed in Rome the beatification of two persons whose names are very little known in this country. On June 18 the Venerable Emilie de Vialar was elected to the ranks of the officially Blessed. In 1830 she founded at Gaillac, France, an order of religious known as the Sisters of St. Joseph of the Apparition, dedicated to the performance of all kinds of charitable work. The mother-house of the order is at Marseilles. Even so long ago as 1910 it had over 100 houses in various parts of the world, and well over 1,000 sisters. The order has no establishments in the United States. In England it is established in a relatively small way; its special work there is the care of invalided ladies, and the sisters also nurse in private homes. A number of houses exist in the British Colonies and Dominions, particularly in the Mediterranean and the Far East. There are other houses in Italy, Greece, South Africa and the Holy Land. Generally speaking, the sisters devote themselves to the care of the aged, of orphans, and of the sick in their own homes. But they also operate schools and visit the poor. The order is particularly flourishing in Australia.

On June 25 the Venerable Bishop Justino de Jacobis was beatified. He was born at San Fele, Province of Potenza, Italy, on October 9, 1800. In 1818 he entered the Congregation of the Lazarists in Naples, took vows there in 1820 and was ordained at Brindisi in 1824. He performed pastoral duties at Oria and Monopoli and then became superior, first at Lecce then at Naples. In 1839 he was made first Prefect Apostolic of Abyssinia and was put in charge of the missions to be established in that country. For eight years he devoted himself to these missionary labors. In 1847 he was made Titular Bishop of Nilopolis and Vicar Apostolic of Abyssinia, but he refused the episcopal dignity until 1849, when he yielded to the urging of the Holy See. He was imprisoned, exiled and persecuted in every way by pagans and heretics. Yet despite all the obstacles placed in his way, he founded numerous missions, established schools for the training of the native clergy and devoted all his efforts to the conversion of the country of his adoption. He died on July 31, 1860, while on his way to Halay, where he hoped to recover his failing health. His beatification signalized the hundredth anniversary of the commencement of his Ethiopian labors.

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